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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. E. A. BRATTON EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. *TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.*

VOL. 3. M'ARTHUR, VINTON CO., O. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1855. NO. 29.

The M'Arthur Democrat.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1,00 per year, and if not payed within the year, $2,00 will be charged.

These Terms must be strictly complied with, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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The Young Philosopher.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father Jeremiah was in an opposite corner, engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

'Sam,' said the farmer to his youngest boy, 'have you worked out that sum yet?'

'No sir,' returned the boy in a hesitating manner.

'Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?' uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

'Why haven't you done it?' continued the father.

'I can't do it, sir,' tremblingly returned the boy.

'Can't do it? And why not? Look at Jeremiah, there, with his slate and arithmetic. He had ciphered further than you had long before he was as old as you are.'

'Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest to me.'

'That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?'

'It's a work on philosophy, sir.'

'A work on fiddle-sticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me?'

Samuel made no answer, but silently put away his philosophy, and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

'Sam,' said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, 'I will do that sum for you.'

'No, Jerry,' returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look, 'that would be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, though I fear I shall not succeed.'

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more did he become perplexed and bothered.

The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age.—Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclie, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could 'give the old geometrician a hard tussel.' He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and that what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jerry progresssed rapidly in his mathematical studies and could already survey a piece of land many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr Winthrop could not see, that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter was interesting to him and that he was scarcely ever idle: nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the grief marks left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold; and getting up, he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from these peices of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry.

As she spoke, she opened her apron, took out four cakes and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sisters kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

'Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!' uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. 'Won't you give it to me after it is done?'

'Not this one, sister,' returned the boy, with a smile; 'but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty.'

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of the week, the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jack-knife and pinchers had assumed form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in a curious combination.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While yet he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of the chamber opened, and his father entered.

'What—are you not studying?' exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

'Ha, what is this?' said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. 'This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making playhouses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lesson or not. There.'

As the father uttered that common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking upon the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands he burst into tears.

'Ain't you ashamed?' said Mr. Winthrop; 'a great boy like you to spend your time on such clap-traps, and then cry about it, because I choose that you attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn.'

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber; but for long days afterwards he was sad and downhearted.

'Samuel,' said Mr. Winthrop one day after the spring had opened, 'I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it.'

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposals, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening, after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Y. ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents.—At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parent, and Mr. Young had come with him.

'Mr. Young,' said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, 'that is a fine factory they have erected in your town.'

'Yes,' returned Mr. Young, 'there are three of them, and they are doing heavy business.'

'I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there.'

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

'By the way,' continued the old farmer, 'what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that was ever got up before.'

'You must ask your son about that,' returned Mr. Young. 'That's some of Samuel's business.'

'Eh? What, my son? Some of Sam—'

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

'What do you mean?' he at length asked.

'It is simply this, father, that this loom is mine,' returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. 'I have invented it, and have taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right, in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?'

'Yes,' returned the old man, whose eyes were bent on the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

'Well,' continued Samuel, 'that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though of course I have made much improvement and there is room for improvement yet.'

'And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you used to fumble about my loom so much?' said Mrs. Winthrop.

'You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out.'

'And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems,' uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand.

'Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I used towards you. I have been blind, and now I see how I misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination.'

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was open to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:—

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can ever be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the great moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician could not write out a common-place address.

Shocking Distress from Poverty.

The New York papers record the suicide of John Murphy, an Englishman, recently arrived in this country, who had become deranged by the want of employment and the consequent suffering of his family. His family had been without food for two days, when the wife yieled to her necessities and went to the Committee of Relief for the Poor, to obtain some assistance. In her absence, the husband cut his throat, and during the inquest upon the father, the mother received news of the death of her child from want of food. The case has excited the sympathy of the citizens and doubtless the remainder of the family will be taken care of. The case suggested whether there may not be similar suffering in our midst, and if it is not the duty of those who have abundance at command to search them out and relieve the wants of the destitute.

☞ In whatsoever house you enter, remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

LAY SERMON—No. 5.

BY SOLOMON SIMPLE.

"Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." Bible.

And made a fool of himself by doing so. He feasted on "Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat"—and washed it down, not with lager beer, nor with Adam's ale, nor with bad whiskey, but with "the pure blood of the grape"—wine, equal, I dare say, to the best native manufactured in Hamilton county, out of alcohol, river water, and West India molasses. The consequence was, he grew fat, like an alderman; and before the gout had time to get hold of him, he "kicked," and thrashed about, like one possessed of a devil. Good gracious—how he kicked!

But, Beloved, it is important that we should understand how the old fellow contrived to get such an abundant supply of good victuals. The scriptures are judiciously silent on this point—But it is as plain as preaching, that he got his supplies in one of two ways—either first, by stealing; or secondly by purchasing them, either with cash, or on credit—perhaps a little of both. And as all sinners are inclined to be charitable, I am inclined to favor the opinion that he was about as honest as people in general in these days, and secured a good living by the proceeds of fair dealing, only when cheating was the most profitable.

And "Jeshurun waxed fat"—he probably weighed not less than two hundred pounds, nett, and presented, to the half-starved working-men and women in his neighborhood, (who had to pay a dollar and fifty cents a bushel for rascally poor potatoes, and a shilling for a pound of beef-steak from the shoulder of one of Pharaoh's lean cattle)—the appearance of a man "well to do in the world"—a well dressed gentleman, with only one prominent fault—he would kick!

"To kick," in the scriptural acceptation of the term, is, to stand on one foot, and lift the other a little higher than common. This operation causes the kicker to raise his nose, or rather the farther or top end of it, considerably above where the nose ought to be, when the owner is in a decently humble frame of mind—which gave rise to the highly poetical saying, that some people "carry their noses a little too high." This all comes of "waxing fat and kicking." And it is a noticeable fact, that men, and women, of this class, never kick at their superiors, or their equals—because, if they did, the compliment would be returned, and possibly with interest—but they always kick at those who are, or are thought to be, below them, and so badly fed that they have not strength to kick back again! This is the reason why a great many snobs, parvenues, cod-fish aristocrats, loafers, dandies, and other upstarts, who live on the earnings of honest people, have not been kicked out of respectable society a great while ago.

But, dearly beloev christian friends, I must not neglect your condition and affairs, and must hasten to make an application of the subject, as it has been presented for your consideration. I must take it for granted that you are all rich; otherwise you could not have built so many splendid churches, nor pay such large salaries to your priests, for keeping your consciences in good repair, nor buy the fine clothes, costly jewelry, elegant furs, and other adornments with which you bedeck yourselves, when you go out "to be seen by men;" and that you are well fed, and in thriving condition, so far as "creature comforts" are concerned, is evident enough from the fact that you turn up your noses at those who are thought to be a little below you in the social scale, and kick, like Jeshurun, at all who are less conceited, hypocritical, and insolent than yourselves.

But I may not daub your follies and extravagances with untempered mortar. Hirelings will do that, for by the craft they get their living. It is my duty to tell you, that you are in a bad way, and are making yourselves ridiculous, by the airs you put on, and the pretentions you make. You pretend to be *somebody*—not because you have done anything to boast of, nor because your minds have been improved by cultivation, or your hearts by grace, or your souls by humility, or your natural desires by the restraints of justice, mercy, or love—no, but simply because you "fare sumptuously every day," while the beggar is at your gate, and the dogs more merciful than you.

Who are you? By the accident of fortune, or the success of mediocrity, or the graspings of parsimony, or the slow gatherings of avarice, or the prosperous legerdemain of dishonesty, you have gained the only elevation you can appreciate—that or the aristocratic upstart—the envy of fools, and the laughing stock of sensible people.

What are you? The offspring of hard-working, and we hope honest parents.—Some of you are but one remove from an illustrious generation of cobblers:—Your progenitors lived on "hog and hominy"—your uncles, aunts, and cousins do so still. You are no better than they—nor as good. And yet you claim to be christians, as though pride were a passport to glory, and folly an adjunct of immortal felicity.

Kick away, then—who cares? A stupid animal I wot of can do as much.—Your antics are rather amusing than frightful. The world sees through the flimsy veil that conceals from sensuous observation the rottenness of your hearts, and the rankness of your hypocricies.—Clothe yourselves with humility, as with a garment, and adorn yourselves with its kindred virtues, graces, and divine accomplishments. Amen.

KISSING.

A sprightly, amusing American correspondent in Paris thus describes the rage of kissing in "La Belle France."

"The almost universal custom of kissing in Paris seems at first very singular to a stranger coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand—much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not at all intimate, on meeting her, is very common; especially is this the case if she be a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet on New Year's day it is imperative. On that morning I came down to my coffee about nine o'clock.—I sat down quietly, bidding madame bon *jour*, as on ordinary occasions. But I was not to get off so easily. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with 'Mons. B., I am very angry with you.'—I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance of having given her offence.

'Ah,' said she, 'you know very well the reason It is because you did not embrace me when you came down this morning.'

'Madame was a lady of perhaps twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, large lustrous black eyes, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful, had she been plain I should have felt less embarrassed. She waited as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat all this time trembling in my seat. At length Madame said: "Mons. B. *embrasse moi.*' The worst had come. I arose tremblingly, put my whtie bloodless lips all greasy with butter and wet with coffee (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss.'

A School Teacher Fined.

The Newburyport *Herald* says that Miss Martha J. Shepard, of Rowley, was arranged before the Police Court of Newburyport, on the charge of assault and battery. It was shown that one of her pupils named Saunders, a stubborn boy, had told a lie, and that she seized him and threw him on the floor. The boy left school at recess time, both that day and the next, without the consent of his teacher, but in obedience to the written request of his father, who was sick. To punish him for this Miss Shepard tied his hands and feet, and after making him stand still a few moments, fastened a handkerchief over his eyes and laid him down on the floor. He was allowed to remain in that position about three hours, when he manifested penitence for his faults and was released.

The Court decided that it was doubtful, in the first place, if there was any occasion for corporal punishment, and the second place, that if ever corporal punishment was justifiable under the circumstances, that which was adopted was both inappropriate and inexcusable. A slight fine was accordingly imposed upon the teacher in addition to costs, and she appealed to a higher court.

Not so very Green.

A young and apparently verdant strip, who gave his hailing place as 'Old Varmount,' found himself surrounded, upon a certain occasion, by a crowd quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

'Hello, Jonathan!' says one, 'where are you bound?'

'Deoun to Bosting, on a little tramp, was the reply.

'What's your business in Boston?' continued the inquisitive gentleman.

'Oh, I'm deoun after my pension money,' responded the greeny.

'Pension money!' ejaculated whiskeree—'how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?'

'Oh,' answered the countryman—'I get four cents every year—tew mind my own business, and tew let other folks' business alone!'

The crowd had no more remarks to offer. The answer was entirely satisfactory.

They tell a good story of a verdant Know Nothing member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who, arriving late on the first day of the session, rushed into the Representatives' Hall, hurried to the Speaker, and astonished him with this salutation: 'Mr. Speaker good morning; how de do? Rather late; missed the cars! I wish you would show me to my room right off?'

Decidedly Cool.—At the recent accident on the railroad near Conneaut a car containing a horse, a flock of sheep and a man, fell down a bank fifty feet, hurting nothing but the car,—The man jumped up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, 'This is a nice way of doing business! By —, I would not be so scared again for five dollars.'

☞ Be sure, says an exchange, to marry a woman that will help you, instead of being a burden. In mercantile phrase, 'Get a piece of calico that will wash.'

'Sal,' said one girl to another, 'I am so glad I have no beau now.'

'Why so?' asked the other.

'Oh, 'cause I can eat as many onions as I please.'

☞ If there be no faith in our words of what use are they?